



Two magic things



magic

fantasy

medieval

261 12 16

Chapter 1 by Alessandro Nunes

Ossiann finally kills the guardian, a deadly stone giant who stood upon the gates.

Putting down his broken sword, he picks an old scroll and starts to speak an ancient language. The runes on the door start to shine while the two heavy wood planks slowly open.

There was the grimoire, the most powerful collection of spells grouped by the great Lutz. Thousands of years ago, he brought the peace to the land and created the book for the times of need.

But Ossiann doesn't want to use the book for peace. He takes the Grimoire from the pedestal and leave the ruins. Now he has the first ingredients for his revenge.

He stares the mountain where the dragon lives, far away. "Fang for the sword, scales for the helmet" - he babbled.

"With the sword that never misses, and the helmet that protects always, I will enter into the kingdom for its the front gate and kill that bastard Queen" - he talks to his mare - "and only then my revenge will be complete."

See more of Story Wars

Riding to the mountain goes a man who decided to become an undefeatable warrior for

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Chapter 2 by Tristin Peters



*****"With the sword that never misses, and the helmet that protects always, I will enter into the kingdom for its the front gate and kill that bastard Queen"*****

His family had been killed by a assassin, for his family was the richest in town. He had decided that it would be his life work to track the assassin's employer, and put an end to his life. He gathered important information, and found that it was all Ossiann. He rode to battle to confront him, and to bring justice for all.

Chapter 3 by Phantim



Days later a slender female figure crouched over the remains of the stone giant, now just boulders and rock shards. She held up a small piece looking intently at the sword marks etched on it.

After a moment she stood up and dropped the rock. She stood stark naked now on the small bridge leading into the sanctuary, she knew she would not find spell tome within. Still she walked slowly into the building and looked at the now empty pedestal.

"So this is why I have been awakened," she spoke to herself.

A cold wind ripped through the now empty sanctuary drawing her attention to her naked form.

"Ah, that won't do..." she mumbled.

She looked around the room before seeing a large wooden chest. She knelt down and opened it. Within was a set of armor and a few now faded letters. She lifted the chest piece up and examined it, finding it acceptable she put it on as well as the rest of the armor. It was a bit large for her. She placed her hands on it and mumbled a quiet spell, her skin tingled as the armor slithered and shrank, coming to a perfect fit on her body.

"Now... time to find out where the scroll has gone off to." She said decidedly.

Chapter 4 by Alessandro Nunes



After reaching the mountain foot, Ossiann settles down for his last meal, before the long climb. He looks to the book, with an old letter cover and remember the sage's advice: "Every spell in this book can only be executed one time, and then disappears". That was the safety measure, to avoid abuse from its users.

Tying the horse to a small tree, the knight rode up to the top, where it is said the fire dragon lives. Defeat the stone giant with the creature weakness, silver. But the dragon, he does...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

It was dark when the top was reached. The mountain is a sleeping volcano, said the people, and from the peak there was an emission of smoke. Inside a big hole, the one hundred meters dragon.

Dragging the book from your bag, Ossiann opens its first page. The index was made by runes and Ossiann touched the last one, an image similar to a skull. The pages started to flip magically, showing the last page of the book. Ossiann copied the drawing on the floor and read aloud the inscriptions.

The red and black dragon awakes. But only to feel the death spell consumes his life. He opens his eyes quickly and then shuts down. No scream, no pain.

The sage was right, the last one was a death spell. And the scribes disappear after the dragon last breath. It took the entire night to remove the tooth and the scale.

In the morning, the horse was still there. Back to the city Ossiann starts to travel, trying to figure out where to find a good blacksmith. Time to search the capital.

Chapter 5 by Phantim



At the same time, the sentinel Faye approaches the same city. After warning the Claive of Elders. She has resumed her mission to find the stolen spell tome.

She has no way to find the ancient book... well, nothing specific enough to make it easy. She was drawn to the tome, however, it drew her to it. Just a vague sense of direction, like a memory of where you might have left something. It was an annoying tingle on the tip of her mind. Still, she was confident that each step took her closer to the ultimate prize.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

❗ You need to login before writing - click here

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account